A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DENIZENS BEYOND THE WALL. The following morning we were early astir. I shot a pheasant for breakfast. This morning ceremony being finished, we set out on our journey down the coast. We walked slowly, carefully studying the sky, the ground, the trees-everything.

I hoped to meet with some person. Even a savage would be welcome. I knew that most of the semi-civilized tribes on the Chinese border were warlike, chiefly when pressed by an enemy or when forced by hunger to pillage. Especially is this true of the Bouthern tribes. In the northern and colder provinces, where the climate inducs greater activity, the Tartars, the Mongols and the Mantchoorias are of a more savage nature. But I did not expect to find any of these in this land of flowers.

At every step we trod beautiful blossoms into the yielding earth. No conquering hero returning from his victories ever walked his charger over a pathway strewn with roses of so rich a perfume as had these that were destroyed at every step we took. Over our heads grew fruit in plenty. Apples of toothsome tartness, oranges of the brightest yellow and mangoes of delicious flavor were scattered through the forest in prodigal profusion. Great palms towered above us, in whose deep shades the cooling freshness of enduring moisture could be

Birds of wonderful beauty hovered around us, as we tramped along. Among them I noticed golden pheasants, orioles and a bird unknown to me, but excelling all others in the brilliancy of its plumage and sweetness of its song.

None of these evinced the least fear, and we could, had we been so inclined, reached out and caught numbers of them.

The sweet songs of some of these feathered beauties made cheerful music to our lagging footsteps.

From among the branches over our heads the comical faces of little brown monkeys peered at us in the most friendly way. Some of them seemed about to extend us the hand of fellow-

Here and there, bounding from tree to tree, or scudding through the ferns and flowers, were playful squirrels. We munched apples and oranges as we went along.

"One thing is certain," I said. "There is no fear of starvation. We have plenty on every hand."

After a walk of some miles we halted for a rest. Miss Arnold sat on a mossy mound, and I reclined on the grass near her. I told her of America, about the wonderful lands of California; about the wonderful growth of cities west of the Rocky Mountains; how railroads sprang up; how mining lands were developed. In all this she showed reat interest, and I strove to please her lest in becoming lonely and gloomy she should lose hope.

That night we spent as the night before it had been, and the stars of the They are talking together. Now they southern skies kept watch over us as are going up the road leading into the

by the time she had our frugal breakfast ready I had been some distance down the coast and had enjoyed a refreshing plunge into the salt sea.

We wasted no time, but immediately after breakfast took up our line of

.We had not gone far when our progress was checked by a high wall of stone, which effectually cut us off from whatever was beyond it. It was about twenty feet high and extended across the land and out into deep water.

Miss Arnold sank upon the ground. Her pale face betrayed great agitation. She looked at me despondently. "What do you suppose it is?" she

asked in a whisper. "I don't know," I replied. I have

read of the Chinese Wall, but did not expect to find it in the South Seas. There must, of course, be men beyond that wall. The thing is to scale it." "Do you think there can be any

opening in it?" she asked. "I can easily find out," I answered. "The land is probably not very wide here. I noticed when we landed from the yacht the land sheered in this direction on the left, while we have followed the coast to the right. If so,

we are on a peninsula, which for some reason has been walled up. Now, if you are not afraid to remain here alone, I will follow the wall as far as I deem it advisable and seek a place to an attempt to smile. But it was a get through it." "I shall be safe enough," said Miss Arnold. "If the wall keeps us on this

side of it, it must keep on the other side whoever is there now."

She kept the pistol, which experience had shown she knew how to use, at least. I am as luckless-nay, a and shouldering my rifle I started to follow the wall.

I walked from sea to sea. In an hour I found myself at the end of the it as ever. Not a gate, not a hole man's voice. could be found the whole length of it. It completely cut our peninsula off tell us where we are and how we can from the rest of the land. Disgusted get to Hong Kong," I said. and wondering, I hurried back to Miss

"You found nothing," she said, when I appeared. "Your looks prove it. Have we, then, reached the end? my hand. See, it is the left one. My And what is to become of us?" There was a suspicion of moisture in her eyes, and I hastened to reply cheer-

"No: I found no gate, but that doesn't signify. This much is rea-sonably sure. That wall did not "You wear grow. It was built by human hands, an officer of high degree in Chine." and not centuries ago, either. If this reconnoiter."

"What are you going to do?" asked

Miss Arnold.

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"If I can't get up that wall, I can get up this tree," I said, "and it is sometimes quite an advantage to see how the situation looks to a man up a tree. Don't laugh, for I may be not so nimble at this sort of thing as I was

years ago." Up, up I went, until I reached the higher branches. Settling myself where I could stand without discomfort, I looked over the wall. The scene upon which I looked was a

startling one. Back from the wall, extending several hundred feet, was a clear space. Upon this space were about a thousand women, kneeling with their faces toward the wall, evidently engaged in | place." some kind of prayer. Gestures of entreaty and supplication were easily

distinguishable. These women were of dark-brown color. They were clad in garments that were simple, comfortable and adapted to the climate. A critically inclined observer might claim that they were only half dressed, but this would not be literally true. Their garment was a gown, loosely hanging around the neck, armless, belted at the waist, and a skirt reaching a short

distance below the knee. Back of them a narrow road led into the forest.

"What do you see there?" asked Miss Arnold. "You look interested. Are we near a town?"

"I don't see anything that looks like a town," I replied, "but there is a gigantic prayer-meeting going on over there. All women. And they are as brown as tan. Their features are much like our own. They all kneel, facing this way, and are praying aloud. They don't look like civilized people, nor do they look like savages. I have heard of Amazons, but I never heard they spent much time praying. I don't see any weapons of any kind. I am going to call to them.

Miss Arnold watched me anxiously as I placed myself in the tree where the women could see me. I gave a loud shout.

The effect was instantaneous. Amazement seemed to seize upon

They stopped praying and com-menced to laugh and shout. Then, as if overcome by some sudden fear, they turned and fled into the forest. In an instant not a woman was visible. "They are not Amazons," I said to

Miss Arnold, "for they fled precipitately. Not one is left. There isn't a human being in sight now, but I am going to stay up here a while. Possibly the male population will come to see what's up. "I hope they are not savages," said liss Arnold. "I don't understand

Miss Arnold. how we could get to a land of brown people. We didn't have time to get very far from China."

"Here comes somebody now," I said. "Hello! This is a place of mysteries. see a Chinese soldier-a cavalryman slowly ridind along. Now another Chinaman on foot-he is a soldier, too. I must not let them see me. forest.'

see next I wonder?" I remained in the tree until I was tired, and nothing new transpiring, I

descended. "What shall we do?" asked Miss Arnold. "We are not so much better off than before. The women may be so frightened that they will not let anyone come to our assistance."

"We must be patient and see. If no one comes after a reasonable length of time I will construct a ladder and we will get over the wall. Meanwhile I am going to take a bite." "I will join you," said a man's voice

near me. We both started. Miss Arnold turned very white and nearly fainted. I grasped my rifle and stood ready to meet a foe. But it was no foe that was coming toward us-at least not a of a roving Portuguese sailor and a formidable one. He was apparently native Kanaka womun, so that they a man more than seventy years of age. He was tall and thin. His face was haggard and coursed with deep lines of suffering. He was dressed in a dark-brown suit, and his feet were clad in sandals. His hair was thin and white. No beard was on his face save the short growth of a few days. His right arm hung, useless, by his side.

"Who are you?" I asked, still standing with my rifle ready. His thin, ashen lips parted as if in smile in which there was no mirth or gladness.

"I might better ask who you are," he said, advancing toward us, "since you are the stranger and I the dweller here. You need have no fear-of me thousand times worse off than yourseives."

I put down my rifle. Miss. Arnold looked courageous again. There was wall, and just as far from getting over no mistaking the honesty in the old

"Then if you are a dweller here,

Again the old man's lips parted in his mirthless smile. "The one were easy to tell-the other, impossible. But I offer you

right is powerless." "Slowly, general! Easy!" he said, as I shook his hand. "I am old and

frail." "You mistake. I am not a general,"

"You wear the uniform of a Khanwall is all that separates us from from a fallen foe. I am an Americau. in future all public statues will be human beings, we will find a way to I was lost at sea. My companion is made on the same principle. But the get over it. But now I am going to Miss Arnold, an Englishwoman of statue-erecting mood no longer pre-Hong Kong. We drifted about in a vails in Paris just now. Indeed, most yacht and were grounded on this land. | politicians and people are iconoclasts, We know nothing about it, save what and would gladly demolish many of I had unbuckled my sword and faid we saw on our way through the forest the existing monuments to dead celebit on the ground. I then selected a and what I saw over the wall. I was rities, and quite a number of living residence. tall tree and commenced to climb it. | up in a tree and saw a strange sight." caes to boot. - London Telegraph.

"What did you see?" asked the old | DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

man, eagerly. "I saw about a thousand women kneeling in prayor, They rushed away when I called to them. Then two Chicese soldiers appeared."
"Then—what?" asked the old man.

"Did you call to them too!" "No. I simply watched them until they went away.'

"Ah! It is well. Had you disclosed your presence to them, you would now be a dead man and your companion would be a captive.' "Mercy!" exclaimed Miss Arnold.

'Are all Chinamen bad?" "All that I ever saw. There may be good ones, but they are not here. But you said you were going to eat. Shall we not?"

"With pleasure. I am anxious to hear you tell us of the land we have chanced upon, so full of mystery and

"Ay! You may well say it. Trouble singled out Talmooch for its own and has kept it." We found comfortable places to sit

down. Miss Arnold rested near me, facing the old man.
"Go on, friend," I said; "tell us of Talmooch, if such be the name of the

"To begin with-your name?" "Crickmore-Dr. Archibald Crickmore, of San Francisco. And yours?" "William Avery, of England and Talmooch."

"England!" said Miss Arnold.

"Yes. England is my home, or was. But of that later." CHAPTER X.

THE OLD MISSIONARY'S STORY. "Yes," continued the old man, as he settled himself in a comfortable position; "this is the island of Talmooch. You may have heard of it. Not you, in San Francisco, doctor, but Miss Arnold, there, may have heard it mentioned in Hong Kong."

"No. I cannot recollect having ever heard the name, Mr. Avery," said Miss

Arnold. "Ah, well, it is no matter. The fame of Talmooch is a thing of the past. The island was at one time, many years ago, noted for the superior coal and lead mines to be found in the mountains away off there," pointing over the wall. "And it was also fa mous for the high civilization of its people, who, untutored as we understand it: had a skill entirely their own in various manufactures, such as sill and steel. You may have heard of the 'Jumar blade' ?"

"It seems to me I heard the term used at a meeting of the officers of s militia regiment to which I was at tached," I replied. "If I remember correctly, they spoke of it as a desirable thing, but one that could not at present be obtained."

"Ah, yes, that is too true," he said sadly. "The Jumar blade is of the past, save for the conquerors of this unhappy land. But I am anticipating my story. You are in a strange land. There are difficulties before you of which you have never dreamed. It is better, even at the expense of a little time and patience, that I tell you my own history and that of the island. that you may judge for yourself the wisest course for you to pursue."
"Yes," I said. "We are eager to

hear you. Is it not so, Miss Arnold?" "It is so, Mr. Avery," added Miss Arnold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Hauglian Chinese Millionaire. An interesting addition to Washing ton society this winter in the three Misses Ah Fong, the unmarried daugh ters of a Chinese millionaire of Hono-Morning broke calm and clear. I "Oh, dear, I am all of a shiver," lulu, who have just finished their edwars astir long before Miss Arnold, and said Miss Arnold. "What will you ucation and desire to enjoy the advantage of a winter at the capital. They have two sisters married in the United States. One is the wife of Captain Whiting, of the United States Navy, now commanding the monitor Monadnock at Manila. The other is the wife of William A. Henshill, a San Francisco lawyer, and they will be chaperoned here by Mrs. Humphrey. third sister, the wife of an American planter and banker at Honolulu.

Their father, Ah Fong, is in many respects the most notable man in Hawaii. He was a common cooly when he came to Honolulu, but he has had the enterprise and business ability to make an enormous fortune, so that he is said to be able to give \$1,000,000 to each of his seven daughters. Their mother was the daughter represent a curious mixture of blood, but the ladies are highly educated and are said to be possessed of many personal attractions. Their ancestry is not more mixed than that of the wife of Hubert Vos, the artist, who was Mrs. Graham, considered the most famous beauty in the Hawaiian Islands. Her father was a Irish castaway named Cooney, who married a Chinese woman. Their son, Mr. Cooney, Jr., married a Kanaka, and Mrs. Vos is one of the several children, who are remarkable for their fine looks. Mr. Cconey, Sr., was an ordinary plantation hand, but his son became super; intendent and afterward owner of one of the finest properties in the Hawaiian islands. - Chicago Record.

Gruesome Statues.

Seeing that flowers fade and even immortelles have but their day, the sorrowing family of one gentleman cast about for some original and enduring way of perpetuating the memory of their beloved one, and they discovered it. too. That is to say, they reversed the operation of the pagan gods and changed the body of what was once a living creature into a statue, which is to be seen at the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, where it lies in a triple coffin of glass. The corpse, having been plunged into phenic acid, and washed in a solution of nitrate of silver, was placed in a galvano-plastic bath. The result is a statue in every respect identical with the individual, and to use a Hibernicism, strikingly lifelike. The doctor whose method was successfully amployed to bring about this curious "It is simply a stolen one-taken transmutation confidently hopes that

to divide her husband's time with public smoking or reading room or with some coquettish spider in search of unwary flies, and, if you do not entirely lose your hus-band, it will be because he is divinely pro-tected from the disasters that have

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

good intentions as yours. Neither should the husband, without imperative reason, Subject: A Worldwide Evil-Residence in Hotels Condemned-Wholesome Influences That Surround Life in a Private Home-Children Get in Bad Company.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, D. C. (Special).—Home life versus hotel life is the theme of Dr. Talmage's sermon for to-day, the disadvantages of a life spent at more or less tem-porary stopping places being sharply con-trasted with the blessings that are found trasted with the blessings that are found in the real home, towever humble. The text is Luke x., 34, 35: "And brought him to an inn and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee."

again I will repay thee."
This is the good Samaritan paying the hotel bill of a man who had been robbed and almost killed by bandits. The good Samaritan had found the unfortunate on a Samaritan had found the uniorunate of a lonely, rocky road, where to this very day depredations are sometimes committed upon travelers, and had put the injured man into the saddle, while this merciful and well-to-do man had walked till they got to the hotel, and the wounded man was put to bed and cared for. It must have been a very superior botel in its accommodations, for, though in the country, the landlord was paid at the rate of what in our country would be \$4 or \$5 a day, a penny being then a day's wages and the two pennies paid in this case about two days' wages. Moreover, it was one of those kind-hearted landlords who are wrapped up in the happiness of their guests, because the good Samaritan leaves the poor, wounded fellow to his entire care, promising that when he came that way again be would pay all the bills until the invalid got

Hotels and boarding houses are necessities. In very ancient times they were unknown, because the world had comparatively few inhabitants, and those were not much given to travel, and private hospitality met all the wants of sojourners, as when Abraham rushed out at Mamre to inwhen Abraham rushed out at Mamre to invite the three men to sit down to a dinner of veal, as when the people were possitively commanded to be given to hospitality, as in many places in the east these ancient customs are practiced to-day. But we have now hotels presided over by good landlords and boarding houses presided over by excellent host or hostess in all neighborhoods, villages and cities and it is our congratulation that those of our land surpass all other lands. They rightly become the permanent residences of many weople, such all other lands. They rightly become the permanent residences of many people, such as those who are without families, such as those who business keeps them migratory, such as those who ought not, for various reasons of health or peculiarty of circumstances, to take upon themselves the cares of housekeening.

of housekeeping.

But one of the great evils of this day is found in the fact that a large population of our towns and cities are giving up and have given up their homes and taken apartments, that they may have more freedom from domestic duties and more time for social life and because they like the whirl of publicity better than the quiet and privacy of a residence they can call their own. The lawful use of these hotels and to provide the provided that the provided the pro their own. The lawful use of these hotels and boarding-houses is for most people while they are in transitu; but as a terminus they are in many cases demoralization, utter and complete. That is the point at which families innumerable houses through out Christendom upon which have come blessings from generation to generation because their doors swung easily open in the enlarging, ennobling, irradiating and divine grace of hospitality!

Voyage and of innumerable houses throughout Christendom upon which have come therefore the come while they are in many cases desired. There have the company to disintegrate. There have the company to disintegrate the company to disintegrate. There have the company to disintegrate the company to distintegrate the company to distintegrate. have begun to disintegrate. There never has been a time when so many families, buy such a place even if you have to put on healthy and abundantly able to support and direct homes of their own, have struck stone. The much abused mortgage, which tent and taken permanent abode in these public establishments.

In these public caravansaries, the demon In these public caravansaries, the demon of gossip is apt to get full sway. All the will not be satisfied until he has paid it off, boarders run daily the gantlet of general and all the household are put on stringent inspection—how they look when they come economies until then. Deny yourself all down in the morning and when they get in superfluities and all luxuries until you can inspection—how they look when they come down in the morning and when they get in at night, and what they do for a living, and who they receive as guests in their rooms, and what they wear, and what they do not wear, and how they eat, and what they eat, and how much they eat, and how little they eat. If a man proposes in such a place to be isolated and reticent and a place to be isolated and reticent and they eat, and how had not yourself be buried from one. Have a place where your children can shout and sing and romp without they are the place where your children can shout and sing and romp without they are the place to be isolated. ing house, and do not yourself be buried from one. Have a place where your chilar place to be isolated and reticent and alone, they will begin to guess about him: being overhauled for the racket. Have a kitchen where you can do something long is he going to stay? Has he paid his toward the reformation of evil cookery and board? How much does he pay? Perhaps he has committed some crime and does not want to be known. There must be some your can do something toward the reformation of dyspe; ties he has committed some crime and does not want to be known. There must be some. board? How much does he pay? Perhaps the lessening of this nation of dyspe; ties he has committed some crime and does not want to be known. There must be something wrong about him or he would speak. As Napoleon lost one of his great battles by an attack of indigestion, so many men thing wrong about him or he would speak. The whole house goes into the detective wallowed that they have no strength left. business. They must find out about him. for the battle of life, and, though your They must find out about him right away. If he leave his door unlocked by accident, he will find that his rooms have been inspected, he trunk explored, his letters [Irish potato and broil a mutton chop, since folded differently from the way they were folded when he put them away. Who is he? is the question asked with intenser interest, until the subject has become a monomania. The simple fact is that he is

nobody in particular, but minds his own One of the worst damages that come from the herding of so many people into honrding-houses and family hotels is in-flicted upon children. It is only another While you have your own private house you can, for the most part, control their companionship and their whereabouts, but by twelve years of age in these public resorts they will have picked up all the bad things that can be furnished by the prurient minds of dozens of people. They will overhear blasphemies, and see quarrels, and get precoclous in sin, and what the bartender does not tell them the porter or

hostier or bellboy will.

Besides that the children will go out into this world without the restraining, anchor-ing, steadying and all controlling memory of a home. From that none of us who have been blessed of such memory caped. It grips a man for eighty years, if he lives so long. It pulls him back from doors into which he otherwise would enter. It smites him with contrition in the very midst of his dissipations. As the fish, al-ready surrounded by the long wide net, swim out to sea, thinking they can go as far as they please, and with gay toss of silvery scale they dely the sportsman on the beach, and after awhile the fishermen the beach, and after awhile the isnermen begin to draw in the net, hard over hand, and hand over hand, and it is a long while before the captured fins begin to feel the net, and then they dart this way and that, hoping to get out, but find themselves approaching the of the captors, so the memory of an carry home sometimes seems to relax and let men out farther and farther from God, and farther and farther from shore, five years. ten years, twenty years, thirty years; but some day they flud an irresistible mesh drawing them back, and they are com-pelled to retreat from their prodigality and wandering; and though they make desperate effort to escape the impression and try to dive deeper down in sin, after awhile are brought clear back and held upon the Rock of Agos.

If it be possible, O father and mother! let your sons and daughters go out into the world under the semiomnipotent mem ory of a good, pure flome. About your two or three rooms in a boarding house, or a family hotel, you can east no such glorious sanctity. They will think of these public caravansaries as an early stopping place, malodorous with old victuals, coffees per petually steaming and meats in everlast ing stew or broil, the air surcharged with earbonic acid, and corridors, along which drunken boarders come staggering o'clock in the morning, rapping at the door till the affrighted wife lets them in. Do not be guilty of the sacrilege or blasphemy of calling such a place a home. A home is four walls inclosing one family with identity of interest and a privacy from outside inspection so comlete that it is a world in itself, no one entering except by permission-bolted and barred and chained against all outside inquisitiveness. The phrase so often used in the law books and legal circles is mightlly suggestive—every man's house is his castle, as much so as though it had draw-bridge, portcullis, redoubt, ba-tion and armed turret. Even the officer of the law may not enter to serve a writ, except the door be voluntarily opened unto him; burglary, or the invasion of it, a crime so offensive that the law clashes its iron jaws on any one who attempts it. Unless it be necessary to stay for longer or shorter time in family hotel or boarding house-and there are thousands of instances in which it is necessary, as I showed you at the beginning-unless in this exceptional case, let neither wife nor nusband consent to such permanent

There are now about three hundred and The probability is that the wife will have

the Bible?

GOD'S MESSAGE TO MAN. 1

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST PROPHETS. The "Rose and Crown" - Hearts Broken

whelmed thousands of husbands, with as

consent to such a life unless he is sure his wife can withstand the temptation of so-

cial dissipation which sweeps across such

places with the force of the Atlantic Ocean

places with the force of the Atlantic Ocean when driven by a September equinox. Many wives give up their homes for these public residences, so that they may give their entire time to operas, theatres, balls, receptions and levees, and they are in a perpetual whirl, like a whip top spinning round and round and round very prettily until these its equipoles and shoots offin-

figure in the carpet, and every panel o

such a one had received a great public

honor; by that stool my child knelt for her last evening prayer; here I sat to greet my

son as he came back from sea voyage; that was father's cane; that was mother's rock-

ing chair!" What a joyful and pathetic congress of reminiscences! The public residence of hotel and board-

ing house abolishes the grace of hospital-ity. Your guest does not want to come to such a table. No one wants to run such a

such a table. No one wants to run such a gantlet of acute and mercliess hypercriticism. Unless you have a home of your own you will not be able to exercise the best rewarded of all the graces. For exercise, of this grace what blessing came to the

Shunammite in the restoration of her son to life because she entertained Elisha, and

to the widow of Zarephath in the perpetua

oil well of the miraculous cruse because she fed a hungry prophet, and to Rahab in the preservation of her life at the demoli-

tion of Jericho because she entertained the

spies, and to Laban in the formation of an interesting family relation because of his

entertainment of Jacob, and to Lot in his rescue from the destroyed city because of his entertainment of the angels, and to

wreck, and of innumerable houses through-out Christendom upon which have come blessings from generation to generation

Young married man, as soon as you can,

is ruin to a reckless man, to one pudent and provident is the beginning of a com-

wife may know how to play on all musical instruments and rival a prima donna, she

is not well educated unless she can boil an

easy chair, even though you have to take

easy chair, even though you have to take turns at sitting in it, and books out of the public library or of your own purchase for the making of your family intelligent, and checkerboards, and guessing matches, with an occasional blind man's buff, which which is of all games my favorite. Rouse

up your home with all styles of innocent mirth and gather up in your children's nature a reservoir of exuberance that will

pour down refreshing streams when life gets parched, and the dark days come,

and the lighte go out, and the laughter is

First, last and all the time have Christ

in your home. Julius Cæsar calmed the fears of an affrighted boatman who was

rowing in a stream by saying, "So long as

Coesar is with you is the same boat, no harm can happen." And whatever storm of adversity or bereavement or poverty

may strike your home, all is well as long as you have Christ the King on board

Make your home so farreaching in its in-fluence that down to the last moment of

your children's life you may hold them with a heavenly charm. At seventy-siz years of age the Demosthenes of the

American Senate lay dying at Washing-ton-I mean Henry Clay, of Kentucky His pastor sat at his bedside, and "the old

man eloquent," after a long and exciting public life, transatiantic and cisatiantic was back again in the scenes of his beylood, and he kept saying it his dream over and over again, "My mother, mother, mother!" May the parental in the par

tal influence we exert be not only potential, but holy, and so the home on earth be

the vestibule of our home in heaven, it

which place may we all meet-father mother, son, daughter, brother, sister

grandfather, grandmother and grandchild

and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say in the words of trans

One family we dwell in him.
One church above, beneath,
Though now div ded by the stream—

Part of the post have crossed the flood

THE BIBLE IN ENGLAND.

A Lad in London Who Never Heard of

the Scriptures.

court the other day which shows how it is possible for a child to remain in ignor-ance of the Scriptures. The case dealt with

the appearance of a boy of ten before the

Coroner to give evidence, and this is what

Coroner Langham-"Do you know what

it means to speak the truth, my boy?'
[The little fellow gave no answer, but looked round frightened.] "Do you go to

The Coroner-"What do you go to schoo!

The Coroner—"Yes, but what do they teach you?"

The Boy-"Sums and lessons, and lots 'er

The Coroner-"But don't they teach you

Protestant Converts in India.

Protestant missions in India and China

The Boy (quickly)-"Yus, sir.

The Boy-"Cos I 'as to."

incident occurred in a Londor

The narrow stream of death;

To His command we bow;

porting Charles Wesley:

Machinery - What the Hereafter Has in Store-The Roll Call of the Lamb. On the night of April 17, 1899, the fishing schooner "Eliza" of Beverly was lost, with eleven of her crew, on the dread "Rose and Crown Shoal," ten miles due east from Nan

Beverly's bells rang sweet and clear, Far blown across the bay, The morn her stanchest fishing boat Set sail at break of day.

until it loses its equipolse and shoots off in-to a tangent. But the difference is, in one case it is a top, and in the other a soul. Besides this there is an assiduous accumulation of little things around the pri-vate home, which in the aggregate make a And up and down the brown old wharves, And from the echoing main, swelled loud the shouts of them that sailed To come not back again.

vate home, which in the aggregate make a great attraction, while the denizen of one of these public residences is apt to say: "What is the use? I have no place to keep them if I should take them." Mementos, bric-a-brac, curlosities, quaint chair or cozy lounge, upholsteries, pictures and a thousand things that accrete in a home are discarded or neglected because there is no She sped with swelling salf;
And, though her brave crew knew it not, Death was the helmsman pale. discarded or neglected because there is no That very night, though stars shone bright And lulled the storm king's breath, homestead in which to arrange them. And yet they are the case in which the pearl of

Before the freshening western winds

domestic happiness is set. You can never Clad in her snowy robes she went, become as attached to the appointments of a boarding-house or family hotel as to those things that you can call your own and are associated with the different members of A bride unto her death. O "Rose and Crown," accursed shoal, your household or with scenes of thrilling import in your domestic history. Blessed is that home in which for a whole lifetime they have been gathering, until every

Nantucket's demon fell, How hard a bed thy sea-swept flints! How sad the tales they tell! Strong is thy name, thou seething shoal, Now passed from lip to lip, Thou burial-place of fearless men

And many a gallant ship. Thy Rose doth pierce with sharpest thorn

Hearts Broken Through Happiness.

the door, and every casement of the win-dow has a chirography of its own, speaking out something about father or mother, or son or daughter, or friend that was with us awhile. What a sacred place it becomes Those whom thy waves draw down; But since through thee brave souls find when one can say: "In that room such a one was born; in that bed such a one died in that chair I sat on the night I heard peace,
peace,
Endless shall be thy Crown!
—William Hale, in Zion's Herald.

> The law of straight things is just to let them grow; they will grow straight. The law of crooked things must be to break and readjust them; otherwise the more growth the more crookedness for ever. Gro the straight things, breakage and readjust ment for the crooked things—these are the two treatments....God never breaks a human life or spirit just for the sake of breaking it; He always has an object. Sometimes perhaps oftenest, His object—the stop-page of a life that it may begin anew and begin better—can be accomplished only through the agency of suffering. The blow has to fall; the fortune that a man leaned against so that he leaned away from God has to break down, the child that the mother clung to so that she would not see her Saviour has to be carried in its coffin out-side the house door, before the broken heart is willing to strike straight for God. But are hearts never broken by blessings? Does the sun, with its still and steady mercy, work no chemical changes more gracious and more permanent than the wild winds accomplish? The storm sweeps in some night across your garden, and in the morning, lo! it has wrenched and re-shaped th great tree and snapped a hundred little flowers from their stems; but the real power there is nothing to the majesty which through the summer days the sun that woke no sleeping insect in the grass was drawing into shape the vast arms of forest giants and carving out the beauty of the roses' leaves. I believe that much of the best piety of the world is ripened, not under-orrow, but under joy. At any rate, we ought not to talk as if only sorrow brought conversion. There is a grace for brought conversion. There is a grace for happy people, too. Blessed is the soul that for very happiness is broken and contrite, turns away from its sins, and goes to Jesus with the spontaneous and unselfish love of gratitude.—Phillips Brooks.

> A Cog in God's Machinery. God has chosen to work out His designs God has chosen to work out His designs not in spite of you, but through you, and where you fail there He halts. "Almighty God needs you?"—what a change that summons gives in all one's estimate of himself and his duty. It might seem a small thing to you to let your isolated or ineffective little life run to waste or to harm, but to run the risk of standing in the way of the mighty. risk of standing in the way of the mighty purposes of God and hindering in any de-gree the vast mechanism of creation—that is a thought of indescribable solemnity. It is as if some great factory, where the looms go weaving with their lenging shuttles the millions of yards of cloth, one little thread should snap, and the whole vast mechanism should stop abruptly lest the single flaw should mar the entire work .- F. G. Peabody, D. D.

> What the Hereafter Has in Store. "I shall go to Him," was the sob and so-lace of David's broken heart in the very moment when he gave vent to the corresponding thought of anguish -- He shall not return to me. That blighted flower would not only re-bloom in the garden of immortality, but he would see it, recognize it, love it, as his own. His comforting solfloquy is not: "I shall go to beaven, where I know the spirit of my child somewhere is, though all trace of the dear earthly face and form be denied;" but "I shall go to him; and the thought will prove more to me than the dearest, most cherished jewel in my crown. I shall go to him, where the silver cord of parental love shall no more be loosed nor the golden bowl broken."-Rev. J. R. Mac-

The Roll Call of the Lamb. A Russian soldier, after having performed feats of great valor lay dying upon the field of battle. His comrades gathered around him, willing to afford him such help as could be given him in his last moments. As his life was fast ebbing out, he said, "I have but one request; answer to my name at roll-call." Though more than forty years have passed since then, and all his old comrades are dead, his name remains upon the roll and is still answered to by some living mem-ber of that imperial regiment. Earthly enrollments may be lost or destroyed, earthly honors may fade and our names may be for gotten here, but, if once recorded upon the Lamb's Book of Life, they will be answered to through all eternity.-Rev. John W. Say-

Reinforcements to the Strugzling. God helps us in numberless ways, but His help is also in response, not to our peal from the lips, but to that cry of the heart which comes when one is making his own struggle and fighting his own battle as best he can. He sends His reinforce-ments not to the commander who, crying for aid, flees before the enemy, but to him who hotly contests every inch of the ground, and who has a right, therefore, to call for help.-Lyman Abbott.

He may leave you long without succor. He may allow you to toil against a tempestuous sea until the fourth watch of the night. He may seem silent and austere, tarrying two days still in the same place, as if careless of the dying Lazarus. He may if careless of the dying Lazarus. He may allow your prayers to accomulate like un-opened letters on the table of an absent friend. But at last he will say: "O man, O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto even as thou wilt."—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

One thing alone my heart requires gleam of living light amid the ashes and gloom; that into my cell of humiliation the flood of divine pity should break and keep aglow the openings of eternal hope, and sustain the hidden strength of an everlasting love.-James Martineau.

When God says Yes. He does it without grudging. When God says No, there is a blessing behind.—Congregationalist.

THE TURN OF FORTUNE.

A Child in an Asylum Founded by His Grandmother.

the Bible?"
The Boy-"The Bible-what's that?"
The Coroner-"Haven't you ever seen or teard of the Bible?" James Hague, seven years old, is an in-mate of the Protestant Orphan Asylum at The Boy-"No, sir."
The Coroner -"Inm afraid this lad's evidence cannot be taken, as his education appears sadly at fault." Newark, N. J. He is a grandson of Mrs. James Hague, who was one of the founders and first trustees of the institution. Her name is chiselled on a memorial tablet in the hall of the asylum. Her husband was a wealthy iron manufacturer. His son, James Hague, married a Hackensack girl, twen y-four years old, while Hague was sixty. Both became dissipated. A fortune claim 4,000,000 converts, the work being of \$100,000 left to Hague by his father was squandered. Hague and his wife died re-

cently. Their boy was sent to the asylum.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 30.

Subject: Daniel in the Den of Lions, Through Happiness-A Cog in God's

Daniel vi., 10-23-Golden Text: "The Lord is Thy Keeper," Psalms exxi., 5-Commentary on the Lesson. Commentary.—Connecting Links. Dan-iel's enemies knew that he was accustomed to pray to his God, and they were assured that no decree and no danger could stop

that no decree and no danger could stophim; and by foul means they could secure his sentence to be placed in the den of lious. He was faithful to the king, yet he still was faithful to his God; and because of hishonesty he stood in the way of their dishonest gains, for they made their positions a means of wealth. Daniel would tolerate no injustice, either to the subjects or the king. His character was a constant reproof. They persuaded the king to make a decree that no one should ask a favor of God or of man except of the king himself for a month, on negative of being cast among for a month, on penalty of being cast among the lions. The laws were such among the Persians that when once passed with the usual formalities, the king could not change them at his own will.

10. "When Daniel knew that the writing was sized."

of "When Daniel knew that the writing was signed." And that therefore the power of advising the king against it was taken from him. "His windows being open toward Jerusalem." This was not an act of superstition, but a recognition of God's promise to Solomon (I Kings viii., 35-44), who had in his prayer at the dedication of the temple entreated God to hear the prayers of those who might be in strange lands or in captivity when they should turn their or in captivity when they should turn their faces toward their own land and city and

the temple.

11. "These men assembled and found Daniel praying." The spy system was well organized among the Medo-Persians. They came, perhaps, under pretense of business at the time they knew to be his usual hour of devotion.

of devotion.

13. "Daniel regardeth not thee." The accusers do not mention the high official station of Daniel and his intimate official. relations with the king, but merely refer to his foreign birth in order that they may thereby bring his conduct under the suspicion of being a political act of rebellion against the royal authority.

14. "Sore displeased. Vexed at thus being overreached; for he saw that it was enmity toward Daniel and not anxiety for the maintenance of his authority which had led to the plot.

the maintenance of his authority which had led to the plot.

15. "Know, O king." Their tone was masterful now, for they felt able to compel the king to work their will. Kings are the slaves of their flatterers.

16. "They brought Daniel." According to Oriental custom the sentence was carried out on the evening of the same day in which the accusation was made.

17. "Sealed it." In the days when very few could read or write, signets were used instead of writing the name. The sealing was done by the king and his lords so that neither of them could interfere to aid or injure Daniel without it being known.

injure Daniel without it being known.
18. "Passed the night fasting." The

soul of the pleasure-loving king was so-stirred that he had no care for table or harem. His grief was greatly increased by his consciousness that this evil came from his own weakness and sin.

19. "Wentin haste." A strange spectacle-for a monarch of the world thus to be attending upon a condemned servant of God. Yet the king had never appeared to such a

Yet the king had never appeared to such a good advantage.

20. "Lamentable voice." Deeply distressed and in an agony of anxiety. He cried out between hope and fear. "Servant of the living God." Darius borrowed this phrase from Daniel; God extorting from an idolator a confession of the truth. "Is thy God able?" Full of concern, yet trembles to ask the question, fearing to be answered with the roaring of the lions after more prey.

more prey.
21. "O king, live forever." The common 21. "O king, live forever." The common salutation in addressing a king. There might be more than mere form in this. Daniel might have indulged in anger, at the king but did not. His sole thought was that God's glory had been set forth in his deliverance.

22. "My God hath sent His angel." Daniel had company in the den of itons. There was no music nor gladness in the palace, but celestial joy in the intercourse between Daniel and the angel in the den. Daniel takes care to ascribe his deliverance to the living God, that he may not be confounded with the false gods of the heathen. He

with the false gods of the heathen. He speaks of the angel as God's instrument, not the author of His deliverance. The same bright and glorious being that was seen with the Hebrews in the flery furnace. same origin and giorious being that was seen with the Hebrews in the flery furnage had visited Daniel. "Shut the lions" mouths." Made them peaceable companions and harmless as doves. This was a new and wonderful experience for Daniel. He delighted to relate it to the king, where veice between the property with the control of the contr whose voice betrayed his agony. "Before him innocency was found in me." By this wonderful deliverance Daniel learned how God estimated faithfulness, and how He is pleased to reward it. God had shown pleased to reward it. God had shown Daniel that his disobedience to a heathen king was not sin. He had been faithful in what he believed to be right and in the test God declared him innocent by his wonderful deliverance. "Before thee have I done no hurt." Daniel had been misrepresented before the king as having evil designs against his authority, but to the king himself Daniel declares he could not be guilty of such designs when he was faither

himself Daniel declares he could not be guilty of such designs when he was faithful to his God. It was rather true of the governors that they were planning hurt to the king, to rob him of his best friend and most efficient officer.

23. "The king was exceeding glad."
That the evil consequences of his folly had been warded off; that his best counselor was left to stand at the head of his government. "Commanded that they should take ment. "Commanded that they should take Daniel out." The king was no longer unment. Commanded that they should the Daniel out." The king was no longer under duty to keep Daniel in the den. "Because he believed in his God." In His power and love and faithfulness; because he confided in Him for protection while he lived in obedience to His commandments.

TOWN OWNED BY ROCKEFELLER. He Practically Comes Into Possession of the Entire City of Everett, Wash.

John D. Rockefeller did not go to the Northwest for mere pleasure. The resigna-tion of General Manager Brownell, of the tion of General Manager Brownell, of the Everett Land Company, at Everett, Wash, was part of a programme arranged by Mr. Rockefeller to get control of the Everett Land Company with its \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000 worth of property. The fact came to the surface in a suit filed in the Federal Court at Seattle, by the Central Trust Company of New York City, to foreclose amortgage for \$1,500,000 against the land company. Mr. Rockefeller own this mortgage and by foreclosing it he will come into possession of the property.

gage and by foreclosing it he will come into possession of the property.

The act, taken in connection with the
recent move in foreclosing a mortgage
against the Monte Cristo mines and concentrator, which property his representative purchased for \$375,000, practically
makes Mr. Rockefelier the landlord of
Everett, with its 3000 or 4000 people for
tenants. The mortgage covers nearly
accrypting within the town limits, besides everything within the town limits, besides thousands of acres in the country.

A BLOOD-CURDLING SPECTACLE. Circus Bear Tears His Trainer to Pieces Before a Vast Multitude.

A blood-curdling scene was witnessed at A blood-curding scene was withessed as St. Petersburg, Russia, a few days ago, by a vast multitude at the opening of the Kleyburg circus. Just as Charles Pattl, the famous animal trainer, was making ready to perform his star feat in a cage filled with wild animals, one of the beasts.

a giant bear, suddenly refused to do his master's bidding.

A lash from Patti infuriated the bear, which threw the trainer on the floor of the cage, and, after rendering him unconscious with his paws, began to tear pieces of flesh from his body, amid screams of ter-

ror from the spectators.

The circus attendants rushed in with iron bars, but they could not save the life of

Another trainer jumped in the cage, and after lassoing the bear, shot him in the presence of the people. Shah a Physical Wreck. A Russian officer, who has just arrived t Sebastopol from Teheran, reports that

the Shah of Persia is a prisoner in his palace and a physical and mental wreck. He is never seen outside of his palace, and he takes childish delight in the new tele-phones which have been placed in his pal-Manufactures Artificial Coal.

A workman named Montag, living in Mannheim, Baden, has succee 'el in manufacturing artificial coal from earth and